

Rapture, The "Transfixion"

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(isolation is complete
diseases on our skin
reflect us upon the earth
the light is dim and the air is dead
through delirium i realized why!)
now i draw the line
to resign from the world of mine
begin from being no one
rise higher and higher to hit the ground
see divided earth as reflections:
debris of mankind under desperation
rise higher and higher to hit the ground
bid farewell to the casket vultures
maggots our only friends...from now on
a magnet-like deadend trap
awaits us all in the end
and it is so...
futile - in the end, fragile -in the end
precious -in the end, vicious -in the end
our shelter is the emptiness
the stretched void for all

dying arrangements demand
bittersweet caress after all
nihilistic - perfection - nihilistic
transfixion for the butterflies of joy
the truth unfolds: to the end with nothing...
like thy insects in envenomed rapture
they reach for the warmth, light and the beauty
wings burnt, pin-transfixed and lifeforce wither'd
bid welcome new airless home in a box
maggots our only companion from now on
sinews relaxed you know this can't go on forever
it awaits us all in the end

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